

A SCOUT'S ROMANCE.

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HE red autumnal sun was not more than an hour high when a little band of Confederate troopers, rounding at a sharp trot a curve in the road near Winchester, came suddenly upon an old negro man, crouched by the roadside, building a fire of leaves and twigs. He looked up in

seeming alarm as they halted and saluted them with an obsequious "Good eb'n'n, Mars Cun'l. Good eb'n'n, gemm'n," rising and doffing his tattered hat as he spoke. He was very ragged, very black and as scared as he was both ragged and black.

"Who are you? Where do you come from? What are you doing here?" demanded Captain Monroe, a large, sallow, saturnine looking man in command of the detachment.

"Ma name's Biddle, sah—Gus Biddle. Ah wuz jist wukin ma way er-long, sah, f'm Shan'dale to'd Winchester, sah, foh to see of Ah couldn't find ma dah'ter's man Sam an git a place foh to lay ma ole haid an fine a moultrie to eat. Mighty haad times dese on a po' ole niggah, sah."

"What have you there?" asked the captain, pointing to a battered, handleless old coffeepot standing by the flickering little fire.

"Dat's ma medicine tea, sah, foh ma blood an de mix'try in ma stumrik."

"Hand it up here." The old man obeyed promptly, and the officer, after sniffing its contents, with a look of disgust remarked, "Sassafras," as he handed it back.

"Yes, sah, an alder roots an dock an 'sang. It's a mighty good componeration, sah."

"Lucky for you it hasn't the smell of a Yankee coffe 'componeration," growled the captain, who asked a number of questions, like a suspicious and shrewd cross examiner. They were all answered readily enough, and yet he did not seem satisfied. "I think I'll give you a good whipping anyway," he concluded.

"Oh, foh de Lawd's sake, don't do dat, sah! Ah'z too ole an sick to stan it, cun'l."

"I wouldn't hurt the poor old fellow if I were you, captain," spoke up a bright, cheery faced young lieutenant riding by his side. "He hasn't done anything to deserve it, has he?"

"No, possibly not specially, but he ought to have it on general principles. Every nigger is a spy for the Yankees."

"Mars Cun'l, don't ritz'able Yankees buh'n't Mars Gaines' place, wha Ah had a good home, an drole ma out on de cole wuld an haad' winter a-comin on. Oh, Ah, don't fabor no Yankees, Mars Cun'l."

The captain grinned grimly, then, turning away, replied indifferently to his lieutenant. "Well, Townly, have your way about it—let him go," and rode on with his troop. Before following them the lieutenant threw a Confederate bank note—the best money he had—to the old negro, who caught it eagerly and with profuse gratitude continued calling: "T'ank you, sah! Gawd bless you, sah! as long as he could be heard by his benefactor."

The troopers stopped that night in Winchester, and Lieutenant Townly availed himself of the opportunity to pay a visit to the residence of the late Judge Chandler, where he was on the enviable footing of an accepted suitor for the hand of the only daughter, Miss Edith Chandler, a charming girl of 18. In the semiobscurity of the parlor he saw as he entered a girl bowed over a table and weeping almost hysterically. Thinking her Edith, he walked quickly toward her, but at the sound of his steps she raised her head, and he recognized her as Miss Clara Farwell, Edith's cousin. She did not wait for him to address her, but fled in haste through a back door, still weeping bitterly. Hardly had she disappeared when Edith, who had been notified of his arrival, came into the room, and after their mutually affectionate greeting and a little purely personal conversation, under their relations as lovers he asked her sympathetically: "What is the matter with Miss Farwell? She was here, crying as if her heart would break, when I came in and ran away when I was about speaking to her. Has she a toothache?"

"A toothache?" replied Edith indignantly. "How like a man that idea is! Nothing but a physical pain stirs your leathery sensibilities. Poor Clara! She has heard that her father is killed, and she loved him very dearly."

"He was on the other side, wasn't he?"

"Yes, in a Michigan regiment, I believe. Oh, how sad is all this dreadful work of murder among fellow countrymen who should be brethren! All for a question of states rights! I'm sure the rights of the wives and children are a great deal higher."

"Don't let us get into a discussion on that now, dear Edith. Many a good and true man in the south thinks as you do and yet feels that honor and duty compel him to give his life to resist the invasion of his state. The man is not worthy of living who does not in his heart wish it were all well over. I am very sorry for your cousin."

"Poor motherless girl—tender, loving and helpless! The death of her father leaves her altogether alone in the

world. She will always have a home with us, of course, while we have one, as she has had for three years past, since her father joined the army and sent her here. But her heart is broken."

Lieutenant Townly occupied the best guest chamber that night and saw nothing more of the unhappy orphan, nor indeed did he even think of her while in company with his betrothed, but when he was going to bed she recurred to his remembrance, and he accorded her a sigh of sympathy. At daybreak, having to join his comrades early, he arose and began dressing with soldier-like haste, but suddenly stopped short in his toilet and stood as if paralyzed, listening.

A girl's voice, fresh, strong and sweet, crooned and lilted, not in the set measures of any song, but in such an exuberant outburst of melodies, trills and flourishes of melody as seemed the up-bubbling and outgushing of a purely happy heart, free from care and sorrow.

"My God," he exclaimed to himself, with a look that was almost fright, "that is Clara singing! I am sure of it! I know her voice!" He sat upon the edge of the bed, listened and gasped: "Great heavens, what an utterly heartless creature. Or else grief has turned her brain."

Miss Farwell appeared at the breakfast table and demonstrated the possession of more spirits than all the rest of the family added together. The lieutenant looked upon her with icy disapproval, but she did not seem to be aware of it. Finally he said in his most solemn manner, "I learned last evening with sincere regret of your recent bereavement, Miss Farwell."

"About papa, you mean?" she replied laughingly. "Oh, I guess it was not true. There are so many stories flying about now one never knows what to believe." And with that she seemed to dismiss the subject.

He had no appetite. Her callous indifference sickened him. Never before could he have believed her capable of it, and the hideous question forced itself upon him, "Are other girls like her, or is she an exceptional monster?" Soon he got up from the table and chanced to glance out of a window into the back yard. There upon the wood pile, with a piece of corn bread in one hand and his "medicine tea" pot in the other, sat the old vagrant darky. He was eating his frugal breakfast and looking at the groom bringing the lieutenant's horse from the stable.

The young officer pondered gloomily as he rode and had gone full five miles of the way back from Winchester to General Fitzhugh Lee's camp before a certain suspicion occurred to him. At that point two widely dissimilar things suddenly presented themselves in juxtaposition before his mental vision. One was the heartbroken girl merrily singing; the other the old darky on the wood pile. And it came to him as an inspiration that the presence of the latter in some way—if he could only see how—explained the astonishing change in the former. It was by no means impossible that the negro should have brought news to Clara. Monroe was doubtless right in looking upon all of that race as, potentially at least, Yankee spies. Should he confide his suspicions to the captain, he would get himself laughed at if he was wrong and if right, terrify and grieve the family by what might very well happen were the negro luckless enough to be caught. After much cogitation he concluded to keep his mouth shut, which under most circumstances is about the wisest thing a man can do.

General T. W. Rosser's cavalry came from Richmond a fortnight later and joined General Early with the avowed intention of "sweeping the invaders out of the valley." Lieutenant Townly, deeming that "a consummation devoutly to be wished," since Winchester and Edith were in the debatable ground, obtained permission to serve with them as a volunteer aid on General Rosser's staff. When General Sheridan gave up the project of a winter campaign in the mountains and fell back on Winchester, the Confederate cavalry harassed his rear so daringly that he determined to turn and give them a lesson on the danger of getting too close to him. The ensuing trouble at Tom's Brook Crossing eventuated in an entire reversal of General Rosser's programme. The sweeping was done, but his cavalry were the swept. They were scattered in a mad rout, some by way of Columbia Furnace to the mountains, others up the valley pike into the Massanutten range, and many never stopped until they got into General Early's camp south of Mount Jackson. Lieutenant Townly was among those who took the pike. He had been sent to the front with orders, was there when the tide of battle turned and found himself inextricably involved and helplessly carried along by the panic-stricken throng. Comrades were falling about him, wounded horses dropped in the way, increasing the confusion, and the air was full of a deafening tumult made up of clashing steel, clattering equipments, pounding hoofs, cracking carbines and pistols, yelling voices and inarticulate cries of those struck by death. A bullet tore its way through his right forearm; his saber dropped from his nerveless hand. The next moment his horse stumbled and went down. As he fell he had a dim perception of a huge

Federal cavalryman aiming at his head a saber cut that would have slashed it like an apple had not another saber interposed, warding it off, so that he was only caught by the flat of the blade. But even that was enough to fell him unconscious. The next thing he knew he was lying in a thicket, a little way off the road, and a man in blue, with a cap full of water, sprinkling his face, said to him pleasantly, "You're all right now, Lieutenant Townly, barring a hole in your arm, which I have fixed up so that it will do until you get to a surgeon."

"How do you come to know my name?"

"Never mind about that now. Mount quickly, if you are able. There's your horse. Take to the south, through the woods, avoid the road and ride like Sam Hill until you find your friends."

"But I'm your prisoner!"

"Not much. Come, mount."

"You have saved my life and"—

"And so we're even."

"I don't understand you, but I wish I could adequately express my gratitude."

"Show it by taking care of the life you say I've saved. To do that you've got to get out. And while you are going remember that 'one good turn deserves another.'"

The two men parted with a cordial handshake and galloped away in opposite directions.

At the close of the war Lieutenant Cuthbert Townly and Miss Edith Chandler married. Clara Farwell had already rejoined her father in the north and married there. Times were hard in the south, and Mr. Townly, who had read law, but saw little hope of building up a practice at home, deemed it expedient to seek fortune in New York.

Entering as managing clerk of the office of a prominent legal firm, he worked his way up by ability and steadiness of purpose until in a couple of years he was admitted as a junior partner and could look with confidence upon a very promising future.

Edith after a time enjoyed much her life in the metropolis, but often regretted that she had quite lost sight of her cousin Clara, whose home was somewhere in that indefinite region "away out west."

One spring when Mr. Townly was a stout, middle-aged lawyer with an established reputation some legal affairs called him out to Chicago, and he made a pleasure jaunt of his business trip by taking his wife with him. In the fair city by the lake he had the good fortune to find a couple of old Virginian friends, who received him very hospitably, and among other endeavors for his entertainment introduced him in their Southern society, an organization composed almost entirely of men who had worn the Confederate gray. Genial good fellows he found them, free from sectional bitterness, as almost all are who fought their fight out on the field, and the most amicable feeling existed between them and the members of a Grand Army post which met in the rooms adjoining theirs. So perfect was the good understanding existing between the two organizations that when Decoration day was drawing near the post extended to the society a cordial invitation to join in celebration of the anniversary, and the society with pleasure accepted.

Mr. Townly accompanied his friends on the occasion and found himself in hearty accord with the prevailing sentiment of the day. Toward the close of the public exercises one of the post officers approached him, saying in an interrogative tone, "Lieutenant Townly, I believe?"

"That is my name," replied the gentleman addressed. "I trust you will pardon my defective memory, but though your face seems familiar I cannot place you."

"Did you get back to camp all right from Tom's Brook Crossing?"

"Ah, now I remember! You are the man who saved my life there! Well, I am indeed happy to meet you again, even if you did leave a puzzle in my mind that has worried me ever since by saying that it 'made us even,' and that 'one good turn deserved another.'"

The Grand Army man laughed. "You shall understand today. But, first, to introduce myself, I married your wife's cousin, Clara."

"Oh, then you are Mr. Gooding?"

"Yes. And now let us get out of this crowd to my carriage. Clara often speaks of you and will be glad to see you at dinner."

"But my wife is at the Sherman expecting me."

"Edith here! Better yet. We will go and get her."

Mrs. Townly received the Chicagoan as an old friend, and when her husband looked surprised said, "He came courting Clara at the same time you were courting me." That puzzled him, and when he wanted to know how it chanced they had never met under such circumstances Mr. Gooding said, "Wait a little, and you shall know, but only at my house."

When the cousins, now middle-aged women, but with hearts still young, had embraced and cried a little together out of sheer happiness at their reunion, Mrs. Gooding introduced her two pretty daughters, who sang a melody of southern and northern songs appropriate to the day. While this was going on Mr. Gooding excused himself for a few minutes on a plea of attending to some neglected business. Presently an old negro shuffled in, carrying a scuttle of coal for the grate fire.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Mr. Townly, recognizing him at once. "Are you alive yet?"

"Yes, sah. Ah'm alive yet—khem norf same time Mars Goodin kem. Nuffin bettah foh niggahs dan ma medicine tea." And he showed his battered old coffeepot, which he carried suspended from a string about his neck. "Ma gracious, how dis yer coal do dutty up a body's han's!"

"Jennie," said Mrs. Gooding to one of the girls, "get a basin of water for daddy to wash his hands."

Mr. Townly opened his eyes wide at such attention to a darky, but it was not his business to interfere. The water was brought, and the old man, with his back to the company, washed not only his hands, but his face, meanwhile talking:

"Ah know'd you, sah, de minute Ah seed you. Ah'd cotch a lickin dat day but foh you. Ah nebber forget dat mighty good tuh'n or quit prayin de good Lawd foh a chance to mek me eben."

Mr. Townly started, but before he could open his lips, with movements as quick as those of a "lightning change artist," the aged darky, by a complicated twist and wriggle, divested himself of his rags, as he already had of his complexion, and stood revealed as Mr. Gooding in a blue uniform.

"Holy Moses!" gasped the astounded southerner, while the room rang with the laughter of the cousins, who had only by great effort restrained themselves to await the denouement.

"I was," said Mr. Gooding when a quiet explanation became practicable, "one of Major Young's scouts, and this was my favorite disguise. In it I used to visit Clara, and my secret was well kept until now by your wife, who was in our confidence all along. The day we first met I was carrying to Clara a message from her father, that he was alive and well, though rumor had him dead, and it made TOWNLY IS SURPRISED, her so happy that she promised that night to marry me. Here is where I had it hidden." He unscrewed the bottom of the old coffeepot, showing a concealed inside plate, roughened to receive pencil marks. "Many an important dispatch has been written in there, and I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for the old pot today. When you saved me from a whipping, you saved my life, for if I had been stripped and my skin found white your captain would have hanged me at once. So when I rescued you it was no more than even."

J. H. CONNELLY.

NEW CORPORATIONS.

Companies Chartered to Do Business in Kansas.

The Holmes Self-Feeder company of Wichita. Capital, \$10,000. Directors: W. J. Hutchins, president; G. W. Earp, secretary; C. T. Mulchier, treasurer; and A. M. Earp, all of Wichita. The business of the company is to manufacture self-feeders for threshing machines.

The Wheeler-Osgood Lumber company, Kan., and Chicago, Ill. Directors: C. W. Carey, L. D. Skinner and W. H. Livingston, all of Wichita.

The Johnson Lumber company of Topeka, Kansas, Kan., and Chicago, Ill. Capital, \$15,000. Directors: C. W. Carey, H. H. Dewey and L. D. Skinner, all of Wichita.

The Moneka Mining and Smelting company, of Columbus, Kansas. Capital, \$130,000. Directors: Charles French, Chicago, Ill., W. F. Thorne, Oklahoma City, A. S. Dennison and D. C. Finn of Columbus; James B. Graham, Stockton, Kan., K. Moore and O. J. Nichols, Miami, I. T.

The Equitable Investment company of Wichita and St. Louis, has been chartered. The capital stock is \$5,000. The directors are: George L. Rouse, George H. Blackwelder, George L. Rouse, Jr., Mary E. Rouse and Ida K. Blackwelder, all of Wichita.

ANSWER TO THE "APPEAL."

A Santa Fe Employee, a Native of Sweden, Writes an Open Letter.

Carl W. Dehn, of this city, takes exception to the language used by the author of the "appeal to the Santa Fe shopmen." Mr. Dehn addresses an open letter to the author of that appeal as follows:

In your appeal you class us Swedes as "inferior people," afraid to say that our souls are our own, and are willing to take any kind of "dog treatment" from our respective bosses. Moreover, you affirm that we are willing to work for any kind of wages, no matter how small.

In the first place, you expose your ignorance by saying that we are an ignorant class. One acquainted with the educational systems of the different nations, would know that no nation on earth has a better educational system than does Sweden, and no nation makes greater demands upon and from her pupils.

In general, we Swedes are able to do our work in a satisfactory manner, courteous, and are not subject to "dog treatment." In answer to the allegation, "that we are afraid to claim our own souls," I would suggest that to the average minded man it would seem that the writer of the appeal was somewhat curious about his own skin, as he failed to attach his signature to the hieroglyphics.

As to wages, I will admit that I am not well informed, but think that no Swede works for 13 cents an hour. For my part I receive 25 cents per hour and hope for 27½ cents when business increases, if I am not laid off before that time arrives. I will say this, that I have been laid off three different times during my years' service for Santa Fe company, notwithstanding that I am a "Swede." Not being a politician, I will say nothing as to your politics, but I think it would be to one's own interest to cast his vote for the best interests of the company, so long as he intends to be an employee of the company. For, as the appeal says, the workman will be the first one to suffer from dull business. I wonder if the writer of the appeal would reduce his own salary if he were managing the Santa Fe company's affairs?

CARL W. DEHN.

Excursion to Fairmount Park Kansas City.

Sunday June 3rd, an excursion will be run via A. T. & S. F. R. R. to Kansas City leaving depot 8:20 a. m. sharp. Rate for round trip only \$1.50. You can spend an enjoyable day there at Fairmount Park. Boating, balloon ascension, band music and other refined attractions.

Sunday Excursion to Kansas City.

Only \$1.50 to Kansas City and back, Sunday June 3rd, via A. T. & S. F. R. R. Train will leave Santa Fe depot 8:20 a. m., sharp and will leave Kansas City returning at 8:30 p. m. Plenty of room for every body and special attractions at Fairmount Park.

Read the "Wants." Many of them are as interesting as news items. See if it is not so.

Good work done by the Peorias.

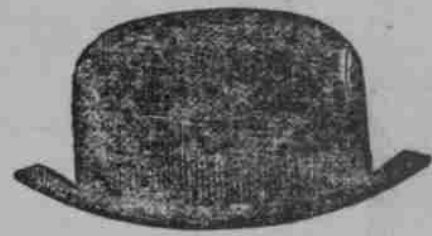
ABE J. AUGUST

622 Kansas Avenue.

We will give you better values for your dollar than any one in town.

Our Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits always Fit and Wear.

The Largest Line of Hats In the city. Prices Astonishingly Low.



ABE J. AUGUST

622 Kansas Avenue.



J. M. KNIGHT, ANTI-COMBINE UNDERTAKER, 401-403 K. Ave., And 543 Kas. Ave., North Topeka.

Furniture, Carpets, Stoves, Queensware on Easy Payments. Phone 52.

NORTH TOPEKA.

Items of Interest from the North Side of the River.

Nearly all business houses were closed by 12 o'clock today.

The Entre Nous club joined the excursion to Ft. Riley today.

Mrs. E. H. Evans has gone to Wetmore, Kansas, to visit relatives.

A number of picnics which had been arranged for today were spoiled by the rain of last night.

Mrs. A. O. Korabough has gone to Perry to participate in the memorial services at that place.

A number of the business houses were appropriately decorated today, including some of the live ones.

Mrs. H. K. Ferrin of Minook, Ill., joined her husband here today, and they will establish themselves in a house on Quincy street.

Rev. J. R. Madison is entertaining Rev. W. H. Underwood, presiding elder of the Junction City district, at the Kansas avenue M. E. parsonage.

Johnnie Strickrod and Bob Maxwell are experimenting in photography by means of a kodak. The former has a good picture of himself taken in Gardfield park.

"Our New Delight" and all Dangler stores at H. M. Clines.

When you need lumber give E. P. Ewart, the new dealer a call, 1012 Kansas avenue, north.

Monarch gasoline stoves at Henry's. Go to Henry's for roofing and spouting.

Lukens Bros. are selling full leather top bugles and harness, for \$50.

Take your prescriptions to A. J. Arnold & Son, 521 Kansas ave. Established 1870. A complete line of homeopathic remedies at A. J. Arnold's & Son.

Get your tennis shoes at the Blue Front shoe store, 820 Kansas avenue.

Shawnee Council No. 3, Knights and Ladies of Security, gave an ice cream social and a dance at their hall last night. A large attendance and a good time is reported.

Mrs. Will Danvers, of Arkansas City, is visiting her father, C. M. Kistler and her sister, Mrs. C. E. Heartburg. She expects to go to Oklahoma to reside, on her return.

H. W. Cheney returned today from a business trip in northern Missouri. He says that country is badly in need of rain, being much dryer than anything we have experienced here this year.

A large number of people went to Ft. Riley today to attend the Memorial services. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hathaway, Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Kistler, Dr. H. K. Tefft and Harry Safford were noticed in the crowd.

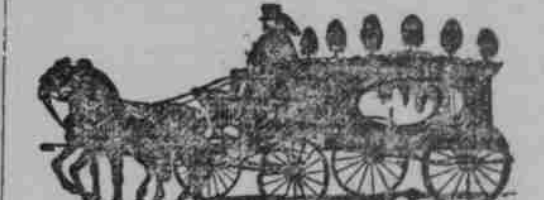
C. G. Chapman says while crossing the bridge last night he met a young man who evidently sized him up for a footpad, as he turned around suddenly and flew. He saw him coming across in a hack a while later, but did not know his name.

While Joe Kellam was driving with a friend this morning, his horse became frightened at a street car and, whirling around suddenly, threw out Mr. Kellam's companion. He sustained no bodily injury, but his clothing was badly demoralized.

ALL AFLOAT.

The Frazer River Sweeping Away Villages—Eight Drowned.

VANCOUVER, B. C., May 30.—The Frazer river has become a raging torrent and is dealing destruction and death.



You can save money by buying of C. W. Willis. 10 to 15 per cent saved on Cloth Goods 1000 Kansas ave., N. Topeka.

G. H. HUGHES, 810 1/2 N. Kas. Ave. Banjo Specialist. Instruction. Banjos, music and strings for sale.

No. 835 KANSAS AVE. NORTH POULTRY NETTING.

Now is the time, and W. H. WOODS' Hardware Store is the place to buy your POULTRY NETTING.

VINEWOOD AND HIGHLAND PARK STREET RAILWAY.

Trains will leave Monroe Street Station week days for Vinewood as follows: 6:45, 9:15, 11:51, 1:20, 3:07, 4:34, 5:41, 7:08, 8:35, 9:42, 11:19. Trains will leave Vinewood for Monroe street at 7:25, 9:55, 12:30, 2:30, 3:47, 5:04, 6:24.

SUNDAY TRAINS. Leave Monroe street 8:02, 9:19, 10:36, 11:51, 1:20, 3:07, 4:24, 5:41. Leave Vinewood 8:42, 9:50, 11:16, 12:30, 2:30, 3:47, 5:04, 6:24. Extra Sunday trains will be run according to company orders. Pocket edition time table will be issued in near future.

ONLY ONE SHOULD BE SHOT.

Mrs. Artz Modifies a Statement Made to a "Journal" Reporter.

To the Editor of the Journal:—

Sir: Allow me to state through your columns I never said there were thousands of people who ought to be shot. In speaking of shooting I merely used it as an illustration as the reporter well knows, and knew at the time. I think the laboring class ought to be represented and am perfectly willing my husband should assist them if I believed he could do so without injuring his health. I don't know of but one man in Washington that ought to be shot and he must be let live until he repents of his evil deeds.

Respectfully, Mrs. H. H. ARTZ.

[The JOURNAL reporter who saw Mrs. Artz is positive the lady not only said "there were perhaps thousands at Washington who ought to be shot" but repeated it.]

TELEGRAPHERS' OFFICERS.

W. V. Powell of Wichita Elected Grand Chief Telegrapher.

DENVER, May 30.—The Railway Telegraphers' convention will finish its work and adjourn today or tomorrow. The adherents of Grand Chief Ramsey felt considerable chagrin over his defeat, but the two factions have buried all past differences and agreed to work together for the upbuilding of the order.

The full list of officers elected is as follows: Grand chief telegrapher, W. V. Powell of Wichita, Kansas; assistant grand chief, M. M. Dolph of Kansas City, Mo.; grand secretary and treasurer, J. Wetherbee of Denver; grand senior telegrapher, T. M. Pierson of Indianapolis; grand junior telegrapher, J. E. Stinson of Dallas, Texas; grand inside sentinel, W. C. White, of London, Ont.; grand outside sentinel, J. C. McDermott of San Francisco; grand editor and manager, J. R. T. Austin of Dallas, Texas.

Members of executive committee: L. A. Tanquary of Pueblo and Charles Daniels of Atlanta.

Peculiar to Itself.

So eminently successful has Hood's Sarsaparilla been that many leading citizens from all over the United States furnish testimonials of cures which seem almost miraculous. Hood's Sarsaparilla is not an accident, but the ripe fruit of industry and study. It possesses merits "peculiar to itself."

Hood's Pills cures Nausea, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

We put on new neckbands on shirts, Peorias Steam Laundry, 113 and 114 West Eighth street.

Parties going to Emporia will find the Leland Hotel, opposite Santa Fe depot, a first-class house on American and European plan. Lunch counter and restaurant open all night.